

A SONG OF BRIGHT DAYS.

The bright days—they are coming, no matter what they say!
For 'neath the snows of winter dreams the violet of May,
And some time in the future, in the golden years to be,
There'll be blossoms in the desert, and the streams will sing to sea!

The bright days—they are coming; there's a twinklin' of the light
In the storm that sheds its shadows on the starry brow of night;
And some time—in the future, when the clouds have faded far,
The sun will greet the morning and the night will claim a star!

The bright days—they are coming in the cities and the dells
There's a whisper of the music from the morning's golden bells!
And some time, in the future, when the skies are bending blue,
There'll be angels at the windows, and they'll kiss their hands to you!
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

THE ENCHANTED CALENDAR.

By S. E. KISER.

SUSPENDED from the electric light bracket above Addison Winklehorst's desk was a beautiful calendar—or, rather, a picture of a beautiful woman with a little calendar in one corner of the card. It is what might be called a haunting face that beamed down upon Mr. Winklehorst as he sat there looking over his mail. He could not, for some reason, keep from glancing up every little while and drawing a deep sigh.

It may have been that something which he ate or drank at the banquet the night before had put him into a romantic mood. At all events, he discovered some new charm in the lady every time he looked up. He marvelled at the splendor of her figure, clad in rich robes that suggested wonderful outlines, and the soft tints upon her cheeks were so indicative of perfect health and maiden modesty that he became possessed of the idea that if he were to touch them with his fingers he would find them warm and yielding.

Presently he noticed that the lady of the calendar was bending forward toward him and assuming lifelike proportions. One of her dainty feet protruded over the edge of the card and a faint, delicious perfume emanated from her rich attire. Just how she got down to the floor he did not know, but he suddenly found that she was sitting beside him and looking gladly into his eyes.

"I can never hope to show you how grateful I am," she said in soft, enchanting tones, "for releasing me."

"For releasing you?" he asked. "How did I release you?"

"Why," she answered with wonder in her deep, splendid eyes, "don't you know? I was under a spell. I had foolishly sold myself to a great soap-maker. You see these fine clothes I am wearing? They got me into all my trouble."

"Tell me about it," he urged.

She drew a long, deep sigh and said: "I was only a poor girl, working as a stenographer in his office. Every year he got up a splendid calendar as an advertisement. He hired great artists to paint pictures of beautiful women, and I used to think I would be so happy if one of them would paint me, richly dressed, so that my picture would be hung up in thousands of places for men to admire. I longed for beautiful clothes. I used to stand in front of the big store windows when they were getting ready for the horse shows and wish I could have the elegant things I saw there."

"One day as I lingered before a window looking in and thinking how happy the women must be who could wear such things as I saw there, the rich soap man came along and, pointing to one of the finest costumes, asked me how I would like to have it. How my heart leaped at his words! I told him I would be the happiest girl in the world if that dress could be mine."

"You shall have it," he said. "I will buy it for you on one condition. If you will consent to be painted in it and let me use your picture for a calendar the dress shall be yours."

"Imagine how joyful I was. The dress was bought for me and I posed in it for the artist. I am sure I was the happiest girl in the world, and the proudest. But one day, as the finishing touches were being given to the picture, I noticed that the artist had turned into a horrible old woman, with a wrinkled face, with one long, yellow, fang-like tooth, and with hands that looked like claws. I was filled with fear and tried to run away, but I couldn't. I couldn't make a noise when I called for help. I was pressed backward against something and then I found I was the picture for the soap calendar."

"The horrible old woman grinned at me and said:

"You see what love for fine clothes has brought you to. You were willing to give up your soul for that dress—you know it. So you deserve just as much punishment as if you had really done what you were willing to do for the sake of being dressed in finery."

You will be nothing more than a picture on a soap calendar after this, unless some man some time falls in love with you just as he would with a living person. When that happens you will be released from your enchantment."

Mr. Winklehorst gazed at her with a gladness in his heart that he had never experienced before.

She leaned upon his desk with her soft chin resting in the palm of one of her little hands and looked into his eyes with a wistfulness that he could not mistake. Still, he was a proud man and anxious to have the good opinion of other people. He wondered what his friends would say if it should become known that he had fallen in love with a picture on a soap calendar. The thought troubled him, and the beautiful maiden, seeing the cloud upon his face, asked:

"What has happened to make you sad? I have often seen you looking up admiringly at me as I hung there above your desk, and, oh, you don't know how I longed for you to fall in love with me. I will confess something to you now. I loved you from the first time I ever saw you sitting here at your desk. It wouldn't be right for me to tell you this if I didn't know you loved me, would it? But you do love me. If you didn't the spell I was under would not have been broken."

For some reason Mr. Winklehorst's heart sank. He didn't like to have her sitting there talking that way to him. It may have been because a man isn't likely to be in love very long with the girl who is too easily won. And then there was that disagreeable thought of the soap calendar. He could easily imagine what his friends would say when they found out about it. He would be a public laughing stock.

As if she had read his thoughts, the girl began to shrink away from him. This caused Mr. Winklehorst's love for her to reassert itself. He forgot everything but her wonderful beauty and the splendor of her figure. The delicate perfume from her rich garments seemed to intoxicate him, and he was determined to possess her.

"Don't leave me," he begged. "I'm glad it fell to me to release you from the spell you were under. Stay with me. I love you. You are mine. I will not let you go."

"No," she sadly replied, "you had doubts. You are not the right man after all. I must go back on the soap calendar again."

He tried to reach out and catch her, but there was a rustling of skirts—and Miss Dallington, the pretty stenographer, touched him slightly upon the arm which he had flung out, saying, as he sat up with a sudden jerk:

"If you are ready now, Mr. Winklehorst, I will take the notes for that letter to Penhade, Binks & Co."—Chicago Record-Herald.

CUMULATIVE VALUE OF ADVERTISING.

Interesting Suggestions From a Prominent Advertising Manager.

Some advertisers overlook the cumulative value of advertising. By cumulative I mean that power and value in advertising that gains in force as the advertising proceeds.

Advertising is augmented and given force by successive insertions. Bacon wrote: "As for knowledge which man receiveth by teaching it is cumulative, not original."

A single large advertisement may not amount to much in results. It may not do the business. The article advertised is soon forgotten and its effect quickly lost among the hundreds of other advertisements published daily by the average newspaper. But follow one advertisement with another; keep hammering; let one blow follow another in rapid succession and results will come.

When least expected the policy of persistent advertising will be productive of results that can neither be destroyed nor forgotten.

Don't try the costly experiment of putting all your money into one big advertisement and then quitting because of disappointing results. Divide your energy and your money. Follow a line of systematic work. Be patient, but be tenacious. Success may come slowly, but if the proposition advertised possesses merit it will be sure.—H. C. Ackerly, Advertising Manager Los Angeles Herald.

The Death Substitute.

"I had in my employ," said one of the missionaries to China, "a very valuable Chinese servant, upon whom I leaned with implicit confidence. One day he came to me and said: 'I shall be obliged to ask you to find somebody to take my place, as in the course of a few weeks I am to be executed in place of a rich gentleman, who is to pay me very liberally for becoming his substitute.'"

"I asked what possible inducement there could be to forfeit his life for any amount of money. He replied: 'I have an aged father and mother, who are very poor and unable to work, and the money I am to receive will make them comfortable as long as they live. I think it is my duty to give up my life to accomplish this.'"

An Editor's Civic Pride.

S. W. Nichols, one of the editors of the Jacksonville (Ill.) Journal, has presented \$10,000 to his city for the purchase of a public park.

Wonderful Love

By Beatrice Fairfax



HAT a wonderful thing is love! It demands so much and it thrives on so little.

Dante loved Beatrice with the purest and tenderest love from the moment his eyes first rested on her, a little maid of nine years. Through all his lifetime he saw her but once or twice, but his love never wavered. She was the dream, love of his existence, an inspiration to his best works, a never-fading vision of love and delight.

Materialists of the present day scoff at love at first sight, but Dante, one of the greatest men the world has ever known, fell madly in love the moment he saw the lovely child Beatrice.

Think of the endurance of a love that subsisted on nothing for all those years, and then think of all that we moderns demand of love. We are exacting, and, alas! we are unforgiving. Our faith is not always strong beyond doubt, and we are too prone to be influenced by appearances.

Dante saw Beatrice through the pure crystal of love's eyes; he knew her at once for the guiding star of his life, and though the star swung in its own orbit far away from him, he worshiped it from afar and lived his great and noble life serene in the thought that even though the star was not for him, life was fuller and more beautiful because of its gentle radiance.

And even if we cannot always have the one we love, are we not ten thousand times better off for having loved?—New York Journal.

Man, Irresistible Man

By a Woman Cynic



ND now for the man who feels that he is so irresistible that every woman is at his feet the moment she meets him. He isn't uncommon, alas; he is all too numerous. He is afraid to be more than half-way civil to a girl for fear she may misinterpret his attentions.

If a girl makes a pretty little complimentary remark to him he first swells up with conceit and then instantly collapses through fear that she is after him.

He keeps a guard on his every look and action for fear the girl will think he is in love with her. He does not, of course, know that in all probability the girl would not have him if he were to go on his bended knees and beseech her ever so hard.

And such is masculine contradictoriness that if he did know it he would very likely turn around and fall in love with her.

I remember once meeting a man of this class. He was showering his valuable (?) attentions upon a pretty little rose of a girl. All went well until some teasing friend remarked on the friendship, taking it for granted that the gay Lothario's attentions were serious. At once his fears were aroused and he exclaimed: "I assure you there is nothing in it. She is a sweet girl and I am willing to do all I can for her to give her any pleasure I can, but this dear self—never."

The fact that the girl married another man a week later did not in the least disturb his colossal conceit. He simply thought she married through pique and blighted affection, and for some time spoke of her as "poor little Mary."

It is well for all men to bear in mind that a sensible girl does not look on every man she meets as a possible husband.—New York American.

Women Are of the Ruling Sex

By Alice Bentley



R. STEAD says that there are only three privileges of my sex—namely, that in going in or out of a room the woman goes first; that she is served before man at a meal (a statement which is quite wrong, by the way, only one woman at table having that distinction, the one on the host's right); the other guests, whether male or female, in every household above mere middle class being served in regular rotation, and that in a train a man gives up his seat to her.

I could give Mr. Stead many more. Our bills are paid for us—when our male belongings have any money to pay them with; we are made love to, which may be despicable, but is distinctly enjoyable; we are admired, which is no doubt foolish, but none the less gratifying to us. In spite of the preponderance of our sex the majority of us are so pleased with ourselves that we have no desire to visit the republic in the neighborhood of the Mountains of the Moon; and considering that we can do anything we like in this year of grace, and that we rule all your sex as it is, dear Mr. Stead, why call us "despised" and rail at the world for not making us "supreme," when it had never occurred to us that we were anything else?

Will Russia Rule the World?

A Serious and Urgent Warning—But the Problem is So Big That the Small Localized Mind Does Not See It

By John Brisben Walker



WE are probably on the eve of the greatest war the world has ever seen. I am opposed to war; I do not believe in war; I hope there never will be another war. But if there can be a just war, it is called for now. Either America and Southern Europe must fight Russia at this time or concede to her all of Asia.

Few people understand how insiduously Russia has been moving her forces up against the barriers of Persia, India and China. Year after year Russian army posts have been advanced, reinforced, built into large commands, until to-day Russia is ready to attack not China alone, but along her entire frontier line in Asia, and is probably in a position to capture China, India and even Persia, unless a determined front is put up by the rest of the world.

It is astounding the lethargy which has been exhibited toward the occupation of Manchuria. Every one in the least familiar with the situation has recognized that once Russia became entrenched in Northern China, with the Trans-Siberian Railroad completed, her battleships in sufficient numbers, it would be almost impossible to dislodge her.

She came into Manchuria deliberately, she never had any intention of leaving it, and she is quite ready today to begin battle.

During a discussion with a Russian who was visiting me several years ago, I asked the question, "What part of China does Russia want?" He replied, "Russian wants no part of China." Then added after a moment. "She wants it all."

The Manchurians and Mongols furnish splendid fighting material, at least so far as private soldiers go. They can live on almost nothing, make long marches, sleep on the ground, obey orders and learn to handle firearms with accuracy. In other words, they have all the elements of first-class private soldiers.

The Russians have the officers ready to put over them. It will not be necessary for Russia to move vast numbers of men from Europe. Russia is now established, its forts built, its navies are in the eastern harbors of Asia, the officers have arrived, and vast quantities of stores and arms have been shipped in. It only remains now to drill the natives in order to organize an army large enough to sweep down on Peking and over Northern China.

Whence will the force be brought to combat the army that Russia has even now on the ground? This is estimated in the daily papers at \$0,000, with another 100,000 comparatively near by in reserve. The brave little Japanese have neither the numbers nor the wealth to combat a nation such as Russia. The Chinese are unorganized. The English will have enough to do to defend India.

THE UNIVERSAL TARGET.

Speak kindly to the millionaire;
Perhaps he does his best.
Don't try to drive him to despair
With idle, unfeeling jest.
Don't laugh at portraits which display
His face with comic leer.
And when he gives his wealth away
Don't take it with a sneer.

Speak kindly to the millionaire,
He has a right to live
And feel the sun and breathe the air
And keep his coin or give.
You may be rich yourself, you see,
Before your life is through
Speak kindly, and remember he
Is human, just like you.

—Washington Star.

HUMOROUS.

He—Indeed, she has a face that would turn any man's head. She—What way?—Yonkers Statesman.

The maid—I always go to church on Easter Sunday. The man—To pray? The maid—Well, to watch and pray.—Puck.

Judge (sarcastically)—Did you ever earn a dollar in your life? Vagrant—Oh, yes; I voted for your honor once!—Puck.

"What is your objection to him, papa?" "Why, the fellow can't make enough money to support you." "But neither can you."—Life.

How long will it take to make this monument to my husband?" "Oh, about two months, ma'am." "But I may not want it then."—Life.

"Are you going to church?" they asked. "No," she answered regretfully; "it's too rainy to wear my new gown."—Chicago Evening Post.

"Did you get a late supper after the theatre last night?" "Hardly. It was so long coming that I considered it an early breakfast."—Washington Free Press.

"Why ain't you at school, little boy?" "I stayed away on account of sickness, sir." "And who is sick, if I may ask?" "The truant officer, sir."—Puck.

"I love the very ground"—began the up-to-date lover. "The very ground I walk on?" queried the maiden. "No; the very ground your automobile covers." "Archibald, I am thine."—Baltimore Herald.

"Has he a high opinion of his own work?" "By comparison only." "How is that?" "Well, he concedes that he is only moderately good, but he rather insinuates that all others are not even that."—Chicago Evening Post.

"I'll take the biggest piece you've got, please," said Willie to the hostess, who had asked him to have some cake. "Why, Willie," exclaimed his mother, in dismay. "Well, ma, you told me not to ask for a second piece."—Philadelphia Press.

Gladys—If Mrs. Playfair is so happy with her husband, why is she getting a divorce? Elsie—Because she dreads the facts of their prosaic agreement coming out in the society papers. It would be such a scandal, you know.—Brooklyn Life.

Cholly Horse—How are you getting along with your suit for Miss Roxley's hand? Percy Vere—Oh, I'm making progress. Cholly Horse—I thought her father kicked you out every time you called. Percy Vere—Yes, but he does not kick me quite as hard as he used to.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Writer's Thought Cramp.

If the fiction writer has his delicious moments, when he tastes the joys which come with the excitement of creative composition—and these he undoubtedly has—also he knows distressing periods of mental apathy.

He has been working away at top speed, full of gladness in that subtle fabric which his pen weaves in the warp and woof of paper and ink. His head is packed with inspired ideas, like a gift box from the gods. His hopes ride high. His ambitions scrape the clouds.

Then something happens. It is not a snap, a break, a crash—nothing so tangible. It is just a ceasing. Abruptly, unexpectedly, all his fine thoughts vanish. No longer is life a country of majestic, white robed heights and alluring purple toned valleys. All is flat and gray and bleak.

Just about now, if the writer only knew it, is a most excellent time to go fishing.

At last, baffled, discouraged, heart-sick, he sits with his head in his hands, contemplating with foolish self pity the melancholy spectacle of himself.

But, like drought and flood, war and pestilence and all other ills great and small, it passes. And he knows not how or when it goes. Days after he wakes up to find himself, pen in hand, hard at work again. Of its own accord apparently the machine has set itself in motion.—Sewall Ford, in The Reader.

Philippine Gardening.

Recent attempts to raise garden vegetables in the Philippine islands have met with brilliant success in the case of eggplant, tomatoes and peppers, while beets, turnips, lettuce, endives, spinach and radishes do fairly well. Many other kinds were tried without much success. Grapes and some other fruits promise well, and there is some hope for new industries in cotton, jute and coffee.